

JAPANESE CARRYING THE RUSSIAN POSITION AT KIN-CHAU, WHICH HAD BEEN DEEMED IMPREGNABLE.



A SPLENDID FEAT OF ARMS.

One of the most splendid feats of arms in the present war in the East was the battle of Kin-Chau, in which the Japanese charged and captured the heights held by the Russians, thereby establishing their place among the foremost military people of the world. The heights were strongly fortified and were deemed practically impregnable. Nevertheless the Japanese, after silencing artillery fire, carried them by the bayonet, driving the Russians from the trenches and sending them in quick retreat toward Port Arthur. Our illustration is from the Illustrated London News.

SAILING.

Wind and wave and gold-washed weather,
Wind fling loose and wave set free;
She and I alone together
Sailing on a sapphire sea.

Clang and clamor of the crowded
City street is heard no more;
Only billows, foam enshrouded
Freighting music to the shore!

Sail full blown and sloop prow flinging
Floods of song on either side;
White mulls in the wide blue winging—
Gipsies of the roving tide!

Peaks afar that know the splendor
Of the sunset's waste of wine;
Twilight sky grown strangely tender
Like the eyes that look in mine.
—Leslie's Monthly.

A New Cinderella

JACK BERENSON caught sight of her as he was going to the office after lunch. He frequently caught sight of her, but this was the first time that he had seen her since their acquaintance. He had grown more than once to think conventionally for a more extended one. She was not the kind of a girl with whom one might scrape up a bowing recognition, to be later elaborated into an interchange of commonplace that might culminate in permission to call. Indeed, if she had been, it is safe to conclude Berenson would not have troubled his head about her, for he had a social position to maintain, a good deal of personal pride and more than the average sense of exclusiveness.

"Hallo!" he said, suddenly, and stopped short.

The girl ahead had paused. She was evidently in some predicament, for she stooped as though to extricate herself or to pick up an article dropped. Almost at the same instant, however, a tremendous dray, piled with boxes, bore down upon her, and at the shout of the driver, who was striving to rein in his huge Percherons, she sprang toward safety and reached the sidewalk.

Berenson let the dray pass. Looking down directly on the spot where the girl had hesitated, he saw that which had arrested her, and bending quickly, he pulled out of the thick, black, sticky mud an absurdly small rubber, with its wrinkles holding the arch of a high little instep.

"Well!" he ejaculated, "here's luck!" He felt ridiculously elated. So pleased did he look, in fact, that a friend jostling him as he reached the opposite sidewalk remarked his satisfaction.

"What gone up, Berenson?"

"No—rubber!" laughed Berenson. And his friend walked off, wondering what there was in fishing footwear out of the mire to make a fellow look so idiotically pleased.

"It was mighty muddy, too!" he commented disgustedly.

This accusation could not be made against it an hour later, cleansed and polished to the highest possible degree by the man who kept the shoestand in the office building where Berenson had a suite. He took his prize upstairs, and deposited it, wrapped in tissue paper, on the top of his desk.

Then he sauntered to the window to look over at the skyscraper across the way, where, at a certain window, in a certain tier, he had often seen a certain head. It was a shapely head, ringleted as close as a baby's with sunny brown curls. Indeed, so frequently of late had he gone to his own easement to discover if that particular bonnie head and rose-leaf face were within range of his vision that his business began to suffer from such erratic absences.

Not that Jack Berenson was bothering himself about business. During those minutes he stood, absorbed in day dreams, staring apparently at the uninteresting wall of an uninteresting building, he was thinking for the most part how strange it was that he, who had come gaily up the road of life, heart whole and fancy free, until he had reached his thirty-first milestone, should still at once be haunted by the most chimerical hopes, the most futile desires, the most glorious of chimerical imaginations.

It was lunacy, he told himself—stark, glaring lunacy—that he should go on his way with a bounding heart and a feeling of the most senseless exhilaration, and because he had passed a certain stage on the sidewalk, he should be so taken up with the day dream of the river, and while it was

black-lashed eyes, looking forth from beneath a white brow, or caught the faint, elusive perfume of her demure garments. And the worst of it was that he could not bring himself to be indignant with himself for being such a fool!

"You like to be a fool!" he told himself angrily. "You're hugging your fool! And much good it will do you! You've not got enough sense, Jack Berenson, to last a crazy man till breakfast time!"

With which final shot he was apt to break away from his vigil, return sternly to his desk and plunge into work until—until he began to wonder if she might have returned to her chair in the window, or by any chance be going out. Though whether out or in, there had seemed slight chance of making her acquaintance before Fate, in the guise of a treacherous street crossing, had placed a belonging of hers in his possession.

But when he had sallied forth with his prize his courage almost failed him. And when the elevator man let him off at the eighth floor, as bidden, it was an insane desire to make his immediate escape by way of the staircase that overwhelmed him. But he pulled himself together and went toward the suite of doctor's offices, which he knew occupied that particular angle of the big building. Some of the physicians whose names were inscribed on the tablet in the corridor were friends of his.

"Hope I don't run into Norton, or Schreiner, or MacIntyre," he said. "Hope I don't."

But he did—all three of them. They and a few of their professional associates had met in the reception room previous to attending a medical convention in a body. It seemed to poor Berenson, standing helplessly in the doorway with his package in his hand, that the place was packed with eyes—curious, inquisitive, mocking eyes!

But a few voices called out pleasantly enough, "Hallo—how d'ye do, Berenson?" And MacIntyre came forward with a smile that made his ugly countenance quite charming.

"You—the young lady—?" stammered Jack. He held out the package much as though it were a letter of introduction. "She lost this, and—"

"Oh, I see!" the doctor turned hastily. "Miss Meredith," he called.

A girl—the girl—came from an adjoining room. She looked lovelier than ever without her hat and coat. Her soft, green gown fitted her as its sheath fits a flower. And the pretty, bewildered look in her eyes made

them look more than ever like violet stars.

Berenson knew then how a man felt who performs a deed of daring in the cannon's mouth.

"I was behind you last noon," he began, "and when you lost this—"

"Oh, thank you," she interrupted, apprehending at once, and taking the offered bundle. "You were very kind to bring it to me!"

"Vera," MacIntyre said, "let me introduce to you Mr. Berenson. You have often heard Alice mention him. I am sure, Jack—this is Miss Meredith, my wife's sister!" And then as they bowed he went by way of explanation, "Vera has been looking after callers at the office here during the last six months. She would work—you know what girls are!"

Jack didn't know, but he mentally decided to remain ignorant no longer. He would remedy his deficiencies in this respect as soon as possible, at least as far as this one bewitching maiden was concerned. And he vowed that he had never before guessed what a thoroughly delightful chap MacIntyre was until he heard the latter say before he went off with his friends:

"Oh, I say, Berenson! Come to dinner to-morrow night—quite informal, you know. Six o'clock. Alice will be mighty glad to see you!"

Jack looked doubtfully into the violet eyes.

There was a smile in them, though the lips were sweetly serious.

"I'll come!" promised Jack fervently. He wrung his friend's hand vigorously in the ardor of his friendship. "Lord, yes, I'll come!"

And he said to himself as he strode back to the office, with his head in a whirl, that it might not be quite so romantic to find a rubber in Chicago mud as a slipper on a ballroom floor, but that it has its possibilities! It would serve!—San Francisco Call.

No Room to Spare.
Mrs. Schoppen—I'd rather have this wall paper than the other for our rooms, but unfortunately it's so much thicker.

Dealer—Goodness! What difference does that make?

Mrs. Schoppen—A great deal of difference; we live in a flat.—Philadelphia Press.

Behind in the Rent.
Hewitt—His words moved me.

Jewett—Whose?

Hewitt—My landlord's.—Smart Set.

Colored Bank Officers.
All the officers and stockholders of a bank in the Creek Nation are negroes.

GIANT SWING ON BICYCLE.



The "Human Whirlwind," a daring French athlete, is sending bunches of thrills up and down the spines of the spectators at the Casino in Paris, where he daily risks his life in performing the "Thriller," illustrated by the accompanying cut.

The bicycle and its rider, after descending the inclined plane, continued their course for an instant upon the semi-circular part of the track, and then, held by the rope, flash describing the circle in the air. At the moment at which the wheels of the bicycle resume contact with the ground, the rope becomes detached automatically, owing to the special form of the hooks that sustain it at its ends, and it is possible for the bicyclist to continue his journey in a straight line, the curved part of the track having been removed and the straight part lowered to the level of the ground during the short time that he was in the air.

The curved part is mounted upon two rails on which it is slid to one side, and the level part is supported by a metallic horse that is folded up when the pedal is pressed by the attendant. These two parts are manipulated at the same time by one man.

GOOD Short Stories

A man in North Carolina who was saved from conviction for horse stealing by the powerful plea of his lawyer, after his acquittal by the jury was asked by the lawyer: "Honor bright, now, Bill, you did steal that horse, didn't you?" "Now, look a here, Judge," was the reply, "I allers did think I stole that hoss, but sense I heard your speech to that 'ere jury, I'll be doggoned if I ain't got my doubts about it."

At a dinner given some time ago in honor of Hall Caine, Thomas Nelson Page was invited to introduce the English novelist. One of the guests next to Mr. Page, just before the toasts began, passed his menu card around the table with the request that Mr. Caine put his signature on it. "That's a good idea," said Page; "I must do that, too. I've got to introduce Caine in a few minutes, and I want to be able to say that I have read something he has written."

A young globe-trotter was holding forth during a dinner in Paris about the loveliness of the island of Tahiti, and the marvelous beauty of the women there. One of the Barons Rothschild, who was present, ventured to inquire if he had remarked anything else worthy of note in connection with the island. Resenting the baron's inquiry, the youth replied: "Yes; what struck me most was that there were no Jews and no pigs to be seen there." "Is that so?" exclaimed the baron, in no wise disconcerted; "then if you and I go there together we shall make our fortunes."

Frank Everest, of Atchison, Kan., is a good deal of an American, having small admiration left for foreign lands or people. Not long ago he went to Europe on business. During the voyage he and other passengers were much annoyed by a Bostonian, who talked a great deal about the number of times he had been abroad. He laid great stress on the fact that he went over twice a year. "Have you ever been abroad?" he asked Everest. Everest admitted he was making his first trip. "I go over twice a year," said the Bostonian. "Oh, do you?" replied Everest; and he added: "Have you ever been to Omaha?" The Bostonian said he hadn't. "Well," said Everest, "I go there twice a week."

Noah Webster was, as might be supposed, a stickler for good English, and often reproved his wife's misuse of the language. On one occasion Webster happened to be alone in the dining-room with their very pretty housemaid, and, being susceptible to such charms, put his arms around her and kissed her squarely on the mouth. Just at this moment Mrs. Webster entered the room, gasped, stood aghast, and in a tone of horror exclaimed: "Why, Noah, I am surprised!" Whereupon Mr. Webster, coolly and calmly, but with every evidence of disgust, turned upon her. "How many times must I correct you on the use of simple words!" he remarked; "you mean, madam, that you are astonished. I, madam, I am the one that is surprised."

HOW TO DETECT FORGERY.

Experts in Handwriting Are Able to Read Many Signs.

"I am not an expert in cryptography, but I have at least made enough of a study of handwriting to tell you it is often easy to detect the forgery of a name, though even the man whose name has been forged may declare the handwriting a perfect replica of his own."

Arnold Keating says: "Of course, you know—everybody knows, for that matter—that a man or woman never writes his name twice exactly in the same way. There is always a slight difference, and where two signatures of the same name appear identically alike it is safe to assume that one or both is a forgery. But suppose the signature has been forged but once, suppose the handwriting of which it is an exact copy has been destroyed or is not obtainable, of what avail is the comparative method then? The exact comparison cannot be employed, but other almost infallible comparisons are still available. When a child is taught how to write, at first his penmanship is severely stiff and cramped; then it becomes very much like that in the copybook, but after this is discarded the child's character begins to creep into his handwriting. There are little idiosyncrasies apparent that are not to be found in the cryptography of other children, and this manifestation of character in writing continues to change it with development until about the age of 25, when a person's character is fixed and his handwriting from that time on continues about the same. The forger's copy of the signature or writing will appear to be exactly like that of the man, but when examined under a powerful microscope, the tiny evidences of character that appear in every loop and line will be found to be largely missing, for the same character is not behind the pen. It is in the minute details that the forgery is discovered. Then, again, a man's mental condition will impress itself upon his writing. If he is nervous, bubbling over with joy or depressed, the fact will be apparent to the expert in writing. If the alleged handwriting doesn't show traces of the mental condition the man was really in at the time he was supposed to have written a certain letter or signed a certain letter, the signature or the writing is a forgery. These are some of the ways by which an expert detects even the most successful forgery."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

CINEMATOGRAPH OF HORRORS.

Russian Doctor's Story of Scenes in the Field Hospital.

The parents of Dr. Samoiloff, who was with the field hospital after the battle of Kulicheneng, have received (at Moscow) a letter from their son, giving an appalling description of his work.

"It was not a hospital, but a sham-

bles, and after the first hour's work it seemed to us that we were not ministers of mercy but demons of blood, working frantically, recklessly, callous to pain and life.

"The stream of pierced and shattered bodies poured in so fast that we handled them as indifferently as sacks of flour. As we hacked and sawed—for it was not surgery, but hurried bungling—I counted the writhing row on the floor, praying that it might get less, but for every one maimed and bandaged man borne to his couch two were carried in and cast on the ground. At last my brain, dizzy in a mist of blood, pictured the whole unvoiced as nothing but a siring of cloistered bodies stretching to infinity.

"Yes, I admit that we were callous. So petrifying to the sensibilities is this hurried work of blood that some of us joked like fiends over our atrocious task. The hospital servants who carried out the baskets of amputated limbs bantered one another. 'That is Petruska's leg,' said one. 'I know his toenails.' 'That's no Christian leg,' replied his companion; 'it's a Jew's.'

"One of these clumsy fellows slipped in the blood and sent a streaming arm in the face of a boy lieutenant, who screamed with fright. But at the time even this seemed humorous, not horrible.

"Sometimes the shells fell near our tent, and we wondered if we too would be laid in that eternally growing row, and whether some one, callous as ourselves, would remove our amputated limbs and speculate as to their ownership.

"What made things worse was the deficiency of anaesthetics and bandages. Before we were half way through we had torn up our shirts. Luckily more bandages arrived before the end."—London News of the World.

MEN AS HOUSEKEEPERS.

Why They Would Not Be Out of Place in the Suggested Role.

A writer in an English review expresses the opinion that if, for a while, men could take over all housekeeping duties, keeping women entirely out of domestic management, the ensuing revolution would solve the servant problem. By planning everything on business lines about 50 per cent of the present labor would be saved. It is asserted that all the labor-saving devices in use at present are the inventions of men, and that there are plenty more of these beneficent ideas on tap in the masculine brain only awaiting an opportunity for realization. Men do not have the same troubles with their employees that women do with their servants, says the writer, and it would not take the mighty masculine intellect very long to do away with the servant question entirely.

We are inclined to agree with the writer to this extent: that after a man had conducted the domestic affairs of a household for a few weeks there would be no servant question, and no servant, either. It would be a task of herculean difficulty to persuade a servant to enter that house again. We can picture in our mind's eye the domestic chaos that would result, the astonishing innovations that would be introduced from cellar to garret. Fancy the average man attempting to discipline the cook by employing the same methods with which he is accustomed to coerce the office boy. Imagine this man debating the vital questions of "Thursday afternoons out" and "What shall we have for dinner?" with an indignant Abigail whose eloquence exceeds her logic!

As for us, we do not want a home run on "strictly business principles." There are plenty of them in the land, but they are called hotels. Here is a conundrum: When is a home not a home? When is it a man for housekeeper. Home is that realm where woman rules.—Housekeeper.

A Cabin Full of Cuckoos.

An old prospector who, between his periods of gold-hunting, has made his home in a little cabin in a lonely canyon a few miles from Los Angeles, Cal., says the Detroit News-Tribune, has discovered not only gold, but a continuous entertainment for the hours he must spend indoors.

About six months ago the prospector "struck it rich." He was able to show such assays of the ores in his claim that a party of capitalists purchased his property and paid him forty thousand dollars.

On receipt of the money the prospector visited Los Angeles. Among other places he went into a restaurant in which is a cuckoo clock. It was just the noon hour, and the clock uttered its cuckoo notes twelve times in succession. The old prospector was charmed. He remained in the eating house nearly all the afternoon, listening to the music of the clock, which also announced the quarter and half hours.

He learned from the proprietor the name of the firm of which the clock had been purchased, and hastened to the shop. He wanted a clock which would cuckoo every five minutes. Not being able to find this kind, he did a little mental problem, and devised a plan for "continuous performance." He bought a dozen of the ordinary cuckoo clocks, and took them to his lonely cabin.

The cabin is no longer lonely. He has set the clocks at different times in five-minute sequence, so that with the voicing of the hours and quarter hours there is scarcely a moment of the day in which a cuckoo is not singing in the cabin.

On His Trail.

The Lady—Now, if I could only trust you.

Gritty George—Lady, did yer ever hear dat old proverb, "Don't trust a man dat a dog won't follow?"

The Lady—I have.

Gritty George—Well, yer can trust me, 'cause every dog in the country follows me.

He Knew.

"You must visit our new country club," said the suburbanite. "The grounds are beautiful; the golf links superb. You won't find such scenery elsewhere. On entering the grounds the first thing that strikes your eye

"I know!" interrupted the city man. "A golf ball!"—Philadelphia Press.

All splinters are single from choice—they say.

SIGHTS AT THE FAIR.

LEADING FEATURES OF THE BIG ST. LOUIS SHOW.

Louisiana Purchase Exposition is a Soul-Awakening Spectacle and a Monument to Human Progress—Whole World Marvels at Its Greatness

St. Louis correspondence: What the world has been looking forward to for half a dozen years and what all civilization will be talking about for generations to come is the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, now seen in all its glory, at St. Louis. It is a soul-awakening spectacle, a monument to human progress, an epoch in industrial history and an achievement, not excellence, of art.

Over seven million persons visited the World's Fair in the first half of its existence, and not one visitor went away but who proclaimed the wonders of the sights beheld. Those who come later and again will have more to see for the grandeur of the enterprise grows as its age matures.

Late summer, autumn and fall are the seasons that will bring many millions more of visitors and when the gates of the exposition close on Dec. 1 the world will have gotten its full share of the benefits accruing from the expenditure of the enormous sum of \$50,000,000 and the employment of the best artists and artisans in the entire world.

Covering 1,240 acres, nearly a third of which is woodland, the Louisiana Purchase Exposition extends from the western limits of St. Louis city into St. Louis county, occupying a site which is one-half level plain and the other hill and valley.

In these grounds are over 300 buildings. Among them are thirteen main exhibit palaces and several lesser ones, fifty buildings erected by States, a score constructed by foreign governments, ten large stone structures leased from Wash-

ington University, perhaps a hundred unique structures in which concessions give entertainment, several villages, inhabited by Filipinos and other representatives from beyond the seas; five engine houses, hospitals, booths almost without number, camping grounds and a large athletic field on which the famous Olympic games are held.

The enterprise of St. Louisians solved the hotel problem by erecting a number

variety of machinery. Forty thousand horses pulling together represent the power used on the World's Fair grounds. In a palace of Corinthian Architecture, a part of the main picture, Electricity has its home. The structure is the same size as the home of Education and costs \$415,000. All classes of machinery for the generation and utilization of electrical energy are here exhibited, the majority of them in motion.

Fifteen and six-tenths acres are covered by the Palace of Transportation which is 1,300 feet long by 550 feet wide. In this great structure the modern methods of transportation that have revolutionized the commercial world are shown, and in marked contrast with the wonderful machine used for locomotion to-day, is the primitive appliances of a hundred years ago.

The largest of all the exhibit palaces is the home of agriculture, which covers over twenty-three acres. This building is in the western portion of the grounds and forms the center of a second picture, being surrounded by immense beds of flowers, one of which, devoted to roses alone, occupies six acres. Special features are the crops of the United States, which have never before been demonstrated at any exposition.

The Mines and Metallurgy Palace covers about nine acres, and is the largest structure provided for mines and mining by any exposition. Like other buildings it teems with life. Methods of delving beneath the surface are exhibited as well as the ores and metals that are obtained.

The United States government building occupies an elevated site just south of the main picture of the Exposition. The great central dome of the government building is visible from the very center of the Fair, looking across the picturesque sunken garden that lies between the Palaces of Mines and Metallurgy and Liberal Arts. This government building is the largest structure ever provided for an exposition by the Federal government. In this building are installed the exhibits of all the executive departments of the government, and space is also devoted to the Library of Congress, the Smithsonian Institute and the Bureau of American Republics. The building is a vast storehouse of an endless variety of treasures dear to the heart of every true American.

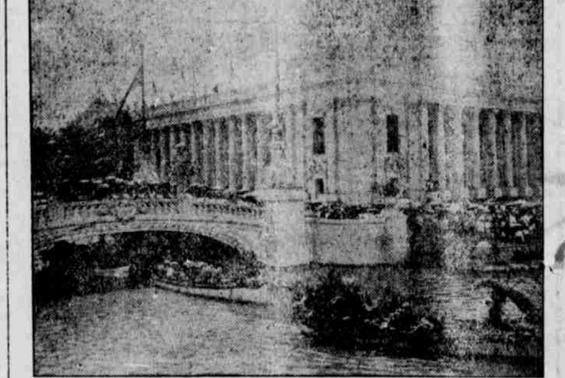
Passing out at an end of the government building one sees the Government Fisheries edifice, which is devoted ex-



SOUTH AFRICAN PYGMIES.

word "Manufactures" represents a regiment of the industrial arts and crafts. This department is especially noticeable for its representative foreign exhibits and in this respect greatly surpasses the great exhibit at Paris in 1900.

Force and power have a home in the Palace of Machinery, which covers ten acres, and is one thousand feet long by 525 feet wide. Here are shown the methods of developing and transmitting power, and the methods of constructing every



WATER PAGEANT ON TRANSPORTATION DAY.

of commodious and attractive hostels and the World's Fair management supplied these by constructing the Inside Inn, which, as its name implies, is within the site. Here 6,000 persons can be accommodated without crowding, and the rates, which are supervised by the Exposition, are within the reach of all.

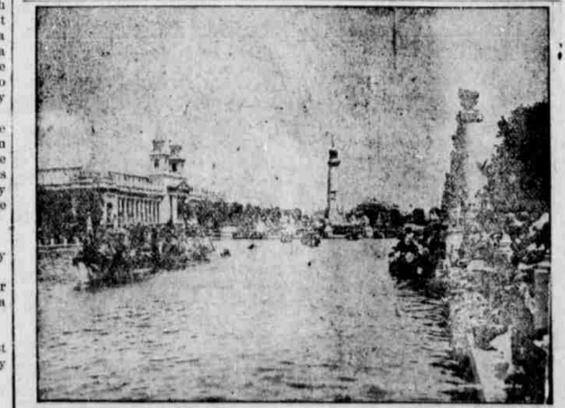
Many visitors to the grounds declare the Palace of Education the most artistic of all the exhibit buildings. It covers over nine acres, and the entire field of



GROUP OF PUEBLO INDIANS.

education has been covered. Congress appropriated \$100,000 especially for this exhibit.

The central art palace, which is a permanent fireproof structure built of gray stone, is supplemented by two side pavilions and a hall of sculpture built of brick and steel. The three larger buildings cover more than five acres. Almost every civilized country in the world has space in the art buildings. The Liberal



GRAND BASIN DURING THE GREAT WATER PARADE.

clusively to the display and exploitation of the United States Fish Commission's enterprises and the exhibition of food fishes and shellfish. Specimens of fishes from river and sea, lake and brook, from far and near, are displayed here, swimming in huge tanks which are supplied with fresh or salt water to suit the habits of the species which they contain. Hatching apparatus of various kinds is on exhibition. JOHN C. SMALL.